

"BY
THE
EASTER
MYSTERIES
BY
WHICH
THE TRIUMPH
OF
CHRIST
IS
COMMEMORATED

RESTORATION

OUR
SOUL
IS FLOODED
THROUGH AND THROUGH
WITH
DEEPEST
JOY"

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No. 4

A Love Letter To Almighty God

By Eddie Doherty

Dear God, Maker of mountains and of men, it is true You did not stretch a red carpet for me on this massive pile of rocks, this mountaintop in the western Texas desert; but I found Your notes of welcome everywhere. It would have been difficult, even for You, God, to put down even a sizable rug—because of the many clumps of cactus and greasewood and thorns, the clusters of wild flowers, the millions of loose rocks, and the uneven surfaces of the ascent.

I found Your love notes everywhere, especially on that broad sloping path half-way up to the top, which You sprinkled with brilliant lovelier than gems. I marvelled at the lavish way You strewed Your messages; and at the quality of the stones that bore them.

Blue for Mary

I saw dozens of blue agate pieces, a glassy stone that loves the light of the sun, and reflects it joyously.

"You love blue," I said, "because it is Our Lady's color. You use it constantly; and You delight to use it. Blue bells. Blue birds. Blue berries. Blue stars. Blue skies. Blue stones. My Catherine's blue eyes. You make a man's eyes glad that they can see."

I saw crystals too, winking hopefully in my direction; expecting, perhaps, that I would pick them up and kiss them gently before I thrust them into the darkness of a pocket. They would like the kiss, knowing it was really meant for You.

Lord, climbing that unorthodox stairway was like walking through the main aisle of a jewelry store, with Your gifts lying carelessly everywhere—on the rocks, in the crevices, in the ants' nests, beneath the all-embracing thorn bushes and the spines of cactus plants. There was not a single salesman in Your store to bully or harass me, no other customers ready to snatch a bargain from me, nobody making a price, nobody figuring out the tax, nobody limiting my selections, nobody who might suspect I was a shop-lifter or some other sort of crook.

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Love 'em: Leave 'em

My pockets were half filled before I reached the top. There I found great stones that advertised Your love for me in gorgeous headlines! They were too heavy for me to carry home; too beautiful to break or mar! I left them there reluctantly—but I can visit them again and again. They will always assure me that You love me!

I glanced down the slope between me and the road. And I seemed to be looking at the pathway of my years. How rusty and barren it was! How covered with grit and dust! How tangled with briars and barbs and poisonous thorns! And perhaps there were nests of rattlesnakes hiding there, coiled on warm rocks, or hidden beneath the greasewood.

I saw a few clusters of wild flowers, which had come mysteriously up out of the sterile soil; but they were covered with dust. And ants crawled up and down their stems. And their odor was faint and not too pleasant. I saw no sparkling stones, no really beautiful bits of azure agates, no worthwhile crystals. Had I not offered my poor love gifts through the holy and skillful hands of Our Lady, I should be ashamed to mention them.

Lord, how did I climb so easily to that jagged crest, I who have so many times been doomed to death by doctors, so many times prepared for death by priests with holy oils? Why was I not tired, I who had stooped so often for your treasures, who kept adding to the weight I carried, who kept on going even when the path was steepest, pausing only to have a thorough look around me, never never stopping for any sort of rest?

Through God's Grace

Why did I not sit down and rest when I stood at last on the top of the mountain, I who could not walk a city block a year ago or so, who could not go upstairs without pausing for a respite half way up, who could not bend low enough to shine my shoes, who went to bed each night at seven because he was fatigued?

I remember asking some of these questions as I stood there, looking down at the crazy route I had taken through the greasewoods and around the threatening thorns and cacti.

"And Lord," I added, "I am forty pounds overweight—not counting the stones I toted up here. Why am I not breathless? Why do I not even sweat? Are the doctors wrong who tell me I must diet if I do not wish to die?"

America in the last few years has become more conscious of calories than of Calvary. It is menu-mad, and its deity is diet. For many months I have been on a diet. Those around me say to one another: "Do not overfeed him; if you love him starve him."

I have been faithful to my diet—in my fashion. I steal very little fattening foodstuff. My appetite is not great. Yet I have not reduced. I baffle my doctors and my nurses. And I baffle me. Still, there I was, Lord, scampering over Your great scabble-heap of rocks, incredibly strong and agile, incredibly fresh and full of energy! What is this miracle?

Into Thy Hands

You answered, or I thought You did, "Obey your dieticians and your doctors; but never worry about yourself, for you are in My hands. I am your Father and your Head Physician. Trust in Me as though you were a child. And be a child, with all the virtues of a child."

"A child has implicit trust in his father. A child is simple. A child loves and seeks love. A child seeks to know the will of his father and to act according to that will. A child has faith. A child has hope. A child has a great humility. A child is pure of heart and mind. A child has wisdom—sometimes more wisdom than any of his elders. And unless you are a child you shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven."

I started down leisurely, carefully, thinking of Your words, thinking of Your Son, Who also loved to walk upon Your mountains, thinking of His mother Mary. She must have passed

(Continued on Page 4)

NOW—AND AT THE HOUR

By C. V.

A face, a form, a hand rise from the mist,
Out of the Orient where the river of the sun
Shimmers between palms of dust,
Knots of darkness;

This face, this form, this hand, substantial and clear,
Sear with blinding gold the texture of the sky,
Strike the root of the evil tree
That weaves its malignant branches
In and out of the inconspicuous land
Where God's people squat
Before dried wells and dead fountains.

—Pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

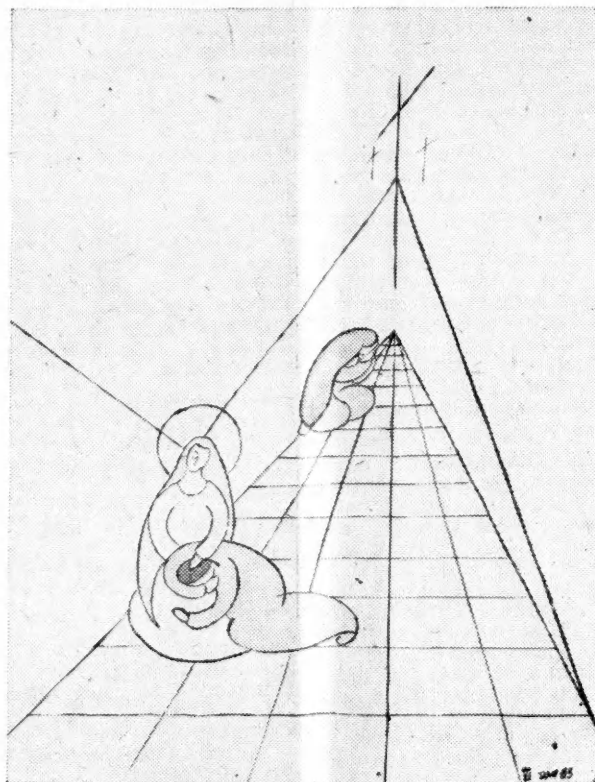
From the first morning of the world, She plays,
In utter innocence, amongst the lustrous stars;
Wearing the colors of the new season,
The gladness of fair weather, the violet of rain,
She plays without sleep, for She is with God.

Under Her feet, the valley of the moon flowers
With silvery streams and silvery clouds;
The river of the sun flames round
Her every-young grace,
While, beneath Her, on this green, revolving earth,
Thousands of faces wounded by fear,
Flash and bleed on the granite of sacrificial years.

—Pray for us now and at the hour of our death.
She moves, folding and unfolding the robe of light,
The seamless, bridal robe, the gift for Her Christ;
She walks the breadth and length of every life,
From birth to death, folding and unfolding the robe of light,
The gift for the wayfarers bereft of all vision.
For the pilgrims who thresh the waves of the rimless sea of Christ.

—Pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

Unshadowed and thrice refulgent, the Lady waits,
—Daughter of the Father, Mother of the Son, Bride of the Holy Ghost,—
Meshed to all waitings, lashed to all sorrows,
Silent, yet in a single breath, speaking forth the Word,
In the darkness where children whimper,
Drunk with too many summers, tired of too much pain.
Spirit-crested and thrice refulgent, the Lady waits,
—A golden Ark gliding with the eastwind—
Her face, Her form, Her hand rise from the dusk,
Her fountain-Heart flows and sings:
She prays for us now and at the hour of our death.



ON BIRTH AND DEATH

By Jose de Vinck

We are born to die, and we die to be born anew: not only do we die at the end of our earthly life, but from the very inception of our life on earth. For we live within matter, in a surrounding of change and decay, to which our body is submitted, and in which our soul pines for release. We suffer in both body and soul; in our body this suffering is a sign of inherent imperfection; in our soul, a sign of impatience, for it knows, obscurely most often, but sometimes vividly, that it is expected elsewhere. And so, what is death to the body may be turned into gain for the soul, for every physical element of ourselves that comes to die is one less limitation that holds down the soul. And at the very end, when all the powers of our physical body will have been exhausted, when the physical body dies, the soul is born to its true kingdom, to the eternal perfection of God's domain.

As someone said, there should always be within man something

that remains superior to anything that may happen to him. That "something" is the immortal soul that death does not crush. But if the soul bows to the needs of matter, if it degrades itself in the search of anything less than the All-Perfect, it incurs in a sense the penalty of matter, which is death: but since the soul is eternal, what it then suffers is eternal death. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God . . . Knock, and it shall be opened . . . If you refuse to seek, if you fail to knock, how could you possibly find, and who would open? Why would the Kingdom of God be given to one who refuses it? Ask and you shall receive. The dreadful thing is that you will receive precisely what you asked: Either nothing now, and All, forever . . . or something now, and nothing forever. And if you ask for nothing now, you shall receive even now, beyond your needs, and forever, beyond your wildest dreams!

The Power Of Love

By Rev. Emile Briere

We find it difficult to love. We want to give of ourselves. We want to appreciate others, to be considerate and thoughtful. And frequently, we find ourselves inconsiderate, thoughtless, unloving. The source of love has dried up inside of us. A sincere Christian, in these painful circumstances, should not despair but ask himself why.

1. Most often it is because we think that we can love by ourselves, that love originates from us. A serious error. We cannot love. It is absolutely impossible for us to make a single act of love, without the help of Christ. He said so: "Without Me you can do nothing". He means it. We should believe Him. We should take Him literally. We can do nothing. Without Him we cannot make the least act of love.

True Christian love is a gift from God. He places it in our souls at Baptism; He increases it at Confirmation, at every Mass and Holy Communion. Let us settle this question for ourselves once and for all. We have no love. We are selfish. Each forms in himself a little island of selfishness, with a hundred tentacles beating the air seeking satisfaction. God alone produces miracles. Christ alone changes the water of egotism into the strong wine of love. Let us be peaceful about that: we have no love, caritas is a gift from the God who is Love.

Pax and Caritas

2. To receive caritas from God with profit a soul must be at peace. The seed of wheat cannot take root and grow in restless soil. The seed of grace, of love, cannot take root or grow in restless souls. That is why so many communions seem to have been received with little profit. The fruits are weak. Millions of people flock to church on Sundays and crowd the communion rails of North America. They offer Christ to His Father; He offers Himself and them; He gives Himself and His infinite Love to them. Yet little or nothing happens. At least, so it seems. Materialism remains our dominant philosophy; selfishness, our principal motivation; Christ's love seems to have penetrated none of our secular institutions: Economics, Education, recreation . . .

The seed is sown. Christ's love is given in infinite abundance to us. It does not grow. We receive it and it corrupts in our bosom. We take His gift and keep it for ourselves. And there it rots. Our selfishness scandalizes others.

A spiritual creature receives only to give. What it keeps for itself will become a poison. A spiritual creature receives for itself by giving the gift it has received.

Love is given to Christians in North America super-abundantly. We do not pass it on.

Pass It On

3. We do not pass it on, I suggest, because we do not receive it in a soul at peace. Peace is the tranquility of order. When we have set our house in order, peace will come. The soul will then be disposed to receive Christ's love; It will grow, It will produce much fruit.

Two statements found in the scriptures produce great peace—in the measure in which we live them, in the measure in which we make them our own. The first was mentioned above: "Without Me you can do nothing." When we find ourselves restless and unpeaceful, anxious, dissatisfied, concerned, let us ask why. We will find that self, in some way or another, again is rearing its ugly head. Pride, me, my own . . . is the only cause of unpeace. We've been trying "To do it by ourselves". We've been trying to assert ourselves. We have forgotten that without Christ, we can do nothing. A difficult lesson to learn. Most of us need "to reach the end of our rope," "to fall flat on our face," before we even begin to appreciate this simple and obvious truth.

When we have floundered around for a while in the cesspool of our own confused ideas, when living and loving have become totally impossible, when all consolation and all joy have shrivelled up within us, then perhaps we turn to God. Then perhaps we begin to appreciate a little that without Christ and His constant sustaining love, virtue and joy will escape us forever.

"Know Thyself"

Self knowledge is the foundation of the spiritual life, says St. Catherine of Sienna. That kind of self knowledge is. When we know that of ourselves we can do nothing. When all our props have been taken away, when we see our utter weakness and sinfulness. Such a revelation is a great grace. If the soul gradually turns to God, she will realize that He is the source of all her life, of all her love, of all her strength. With growing amazement she will experience, and deeply experience, the second half of reality: "I can do all things in Him Who strengthens me." She will love with Christ's love. Christ will love in her. The power of her love will be diffused to the end of the earth.

So when we find ourselves unloving, let us examine what makes us unpeaceful. It is self. Let us turn to God and ask Him to fill us with the power of His love for today. He will.

HE LIVES

By D. Phillips

He whom I love, is dead.
I walked by His side.
He was my friend.
To be with Him was to be in peace
and to burst into song for the joy
His presence brought.
And now, He is dead.
He has been crucified.

I was not far when He prayed
In the Garden of Gethsemani.
But, I slept.
I was there when He was taken
By the soldiers.
I was there but I did not follow
Him.
I was afraid.

They told me how He died.
John did and Mary Magdalen.
Mary His gracious Mother
With a look of compassion for my sorrow,
Comforted me.
Just as He in His pain
Comforted the women of
Jerusalem.
Softly she said, "Fear not, for
now
I am your Mother."

O miserable one, O lowly braggart
Who took all and gave nothing.
To the depths of hell should my
soul be plunged.
Like Peter, I too betrayed Him,
My love, my friend, my peace and
my joy.
And now He is crucified.

His Mother's eyes meet mine.
My Mother's eyes meet mine.
A strange peace stirs in my soul
And quiet slowly returns.
Awake O my soul, awake.
For the reflection of my Loved
One
Is in her eyes.
Can Christ be dead and yet still
live?

What is this joy growing in Me?
She smiles, and
I know not why.

Suddenly the door is flung open.
Excitedly, Mary Magdalen and
Two of His apostles announce.
He lives, truly He lives.
Christ has risen from the dead.
Two thousand years later
The echo of their words reaches
me

And resounds like thunder in my
ears.

There wells up within me a hope
That is almost overwhelming.
I cannot speak.
Gently my Mother takes my hand
And softly she says.
"Stay close to me, my child,
And soon, soon
You will see, Him!"

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Easter—The resurrection of Christ. The Feast of Feasts. The final proof of Christ's Divinity. The only feast of the early Church around which all the other feasts grew, like stars around the Sun.

How clearly the early Christians understood that each Sunday was a "little Easter" . . . each was a Parousia—for in each Christ came again in the Mysteries and the Eucharist, and at the same time each was the expectation of the Parousia, (the second coming of Christ) to come—when, no one knew for sure, but all should be expecting always!

In the Russia of old, Easter truly was the Alpha of the year . . . its beginning . . . Saturday Vigil, was truly an all night one . . . A night of expectation . . . of joy . . . of gratitude and of hope that perhaps it would be THE NIGHT OF NIGHTS . . . THAT WOULD SEE HIS SECOND COMING . . . THE NIGHT . . . THE DAWN OF THE PAROUSIA . . .

That feeling, that flaming hope and expectation was rooted deeply in the Russian heart, it made all things bearable . . . all pains and sorrows endurable . . . it brought a mysterious understanding of the things human intellect alone cannot understand. It made the nights of life with their stygian darkness—light with this hope.

It was an ever present reality. Spoken about amongst pilgrims and paupers. Talked about, by the oil lamps and candle light in the simple isbas of the peasants, and easily and naturally discussed in the palace of princes and the houses of the rich and the learned.

It gave buoyancy to all. A zest for living, whilst at the same time taking away the fear of dying.

The West often thought of the Russians as fatalists. No! they were not fatalists . . . they were believers . . . like the early Christians they understood Easter . . . its promise and its stupendous reality. Because they did in flaming faith—they had little fear of life and of death . . . FOR THERE WAS THE RESURRECTION AND THERE WAS THE PAROUSIA. HIS SECOND COMING . . . ALL WAS WELL . . . EVEN IF ALL SEEMED TO GO WRONG ON EARTH . . .

Those who are even now studying Russia should pay attention to their understanding of Easter . . . and their understanding and vivid faith—a faith ever present, in the Parousia . . . It shaped much of their thinking and attitudes. And they are still there. Hidden beneath the rubble of Communism . . . still alive . . . still present . . . still working in the Russian soul.

But Easter and the Parousia belong to all Christians. Perhaps we of America should turn our minds to a better knowledge of the incredible significance of Christ's Resurrection . . . of Easter . . . and find out all there is to find about the Parousia.

It may make a vast difference to the present and future state of our world if we did.

"Christ is Risen . . . Verily He is Risen . . . Alleluia! . . . alleluia!"



PEACE
BE TO YOU
ALLELUIA

EDDIES OF 1961

By Eddie Doherty

Sometimes a man has interesting adventures, exciting experiences, unusual contacts with unusual people. Sometimes he finds more interesting moments in his mail than in his daily life. I had a day recently, here in the far south, that was full of thought-provoking letters. May I quote from three of them? Thanks—it will save me from boring you with my own thoughts.

Here's one from Father Ignatius Berglez of Kenosha, Wis., who for many years, looked everywhere for a book of prayers that honored Jesus through the Immaculate Heart. Nothing he read satisfied him. So he wrote the book for himself. He does not tell how long it took him to finish the book; nor how many sleepless nights it cost him; nor how much trouble it entailed, nor any of the details another writer might want to know. But such books are not written overnight. And no one, I would hazard, could write such a book without getting very close to the Immaculate Heart, and to Jesus. If you want it, you can get it for half a dollar, by writing Fr. Berglez at P.O. Box 292, Kenosha.

A Life of Christ

And here's one from a woman in Washington, D.C., suggesting I write the Life of Christ. Let me print some of that letter here—and permit me to omit my own reactions to it.

"About six years ago I was suddenly brought to my senses by a priest, who said: 'Your glory in heaven will be also determined by the love you have for Christ at your death.' Shortly afterwards a little colored boy I was trying to instruct said to me, 'How am I going to love God if I do not know Him? I started him off with the Catechism, and with God's grace he learned the questions and answers and was permitted to make his First Holy Communion.'

"Now he knows all he is supposed to know about the Faith, at his age; but he needs a real understanding of God's love, and an appreciation of it. I mention him because he is one of many who are gradually growing away from God instead of coming closer to Him.

"For the past six years I have searched for means to bring my stubborn nature in to closer union with God, and it has been an uphill battle all the way. Now I am about to make a suggestion.

"Have you ever thought of writing the Life of Christ? I have read many lives, but none has made Him live, none has made Him real. God has given you the art of writing simply and humbly so that even His lowliest can understand. Most lives of Christ deal in too many descriptions, dates, and large words. One little mother told me she tried to read a Catholic story and had to look up at least one or two words in every sentence, so she gave up in exhaustion without completing it.

She Writes at 3 A.M.

"The late Harry Read, a newspaperman, once said he never used a large word if a smaller one could convey his thought. You have this gift, and I can't help but believe Our Lady would be happy if you used it to make her Son better known and loved . . . I am not altogether uncertain that it wasn't she who made me get up at 3:00 a.m. and write this letter to you. It is 4:30 now . . . I will pray to the Holy Spirit to guide you."

Nobody gets up at 3 o'clock in the morning to write a letter that simply flatters a man. This letter goes far beyond any attempt at paying compliments. It is an appeal that goes through and through me, and urges me to say I'd like no better job than the one she proposes. Indeed I should like this assignment. I should like to go to the Holy Land and stay there long enough to visit every place that Jesus visited, to walk where He walked, to see Bethlehem and Nazareth and Naim and Jerusalem and Bethany and Capernaum and the Mount of Olives and the hill of Golgotha.

But this would require much money, as well as much precious time. I have no money. And there isn't much time left in this humpty-humpty life of mine—unless I live to eighty and beyond. If I could write such a book as that wonderful woman wants I would be sure of heaven!

The third letter is from a New Brunswick woman, the mother of seven children, who wants to be a writer. She has no typewriter, she has no time to write, but she does have ideas and it gives her "such a sense of accomplishment" to put those ideas on paper—a few words every day.

Laity And Clergy

I like her indomitable spirit; I like her ambition; and I like the

story she enclosed in the letter—"Respect for the Laity!" If I didn't like it I would have sent it back to her. I am printing it here so you can judge it. If you like it or dislike it please let me know.

"I am giving our poor clergy a hard time," she says, "but not too hard, I hope." Here's the piece: "Several Sundays ago our pastor got up in his pulpit in church and thundered out to us who were quivering in our pews that the past year was gone with all its sins and failures, never to return, and what had been done was done. Then he went on to lecture us on sin, which was all right, so far as it went. But there was little or no mention of God's mercy or love, or the unutterable weakness of poor human creatures!

"Why, Oh why, do our priests in this day and age persist in pursuing these Jansenistic trends? Why do they talk for thirty minutes, concentrating on the nothingness of evil and sin, instead of speaking to their flocks about the positive aspects of religion, the love and mercy and understanding of our good God? One would think, to listen to such men, that we served a God of wrath, impatience, and strict justice, whom it was impossible to please, let alone love.

"Then there is the great harm done to nervous or upset people who may be in the congregation, or the scrupulous who find it hard enough to forget their past sins, and who struggle through the fog in their minds to believe in the generous forgiveness of God . . .

Go and Sin No More

"Then we have the young priest who bawls out his penitents, sometimes, for little faults. The people know they have done wrong or they would not be there kneeling in the confessional and admitting it. If only this sort of priest could remember he is indeed a Father, and we are truly his children, he would treat us kindly, gently, tenderly, and with RESPECT.

"We, the laity, owe the clergy respect. And the clergy owe us respect. This is the age of the laity. We all belong to the Mystical Body, those in Holy Orders, those in the single state, and those in the state of matrimony. Each state is deserving of the highest esteem.

"Respect is, after all, a form and expression of love. What gentle respect and love our priests should have for us, their sheep; and what similar sentiments we should always keep for them, forgiving each other's faults for the love of Him who knows and loves each one of us!"

I have written this at Balmorhea, Texas. It is a sunny day. There is a lovely breeze outside. The mountains invite me, for they are exquisitely beautiful today. But I would rather stay inside and write—because, in writing, I come into closer touch with these three people, none of whom I have met. They are more inviting, more entertaining, more worthwhile cultivating than the scene outside my window—and all the rest of Texas.

Springtime of Soul

By B. Yerg

All things are coming to life, my God,
Trees, flowers, the waters beneath
the melting ice,
And even me . . .

Yes, my God, even me after so many years of
Springtimes, to come alive . . .

Why have I waited so long to answer Your precious Voice!
The Voice of my soul . . .
Speaking peacefully and quietly . . .
Even at times booming out to me . . .

"Wake up my child!
Wake up—all around you lives . . .
Why not you?"

At long last, my Beloved, I am hearing Your sweet, precious Words, and I am coming to life . . .

Opening up the wings of my soul,
Wanting to soar far and wide,
Wanting to fly to the farthest perch,

The highest loft,
To the deepest valley . . .
To where I can find You completely and fully.

To fly, my God, closer and closer to You,
Closer to You where we will be ONE . . .

This, my Beloved, is the Springtime of my soul,
This, my Lord, is the birth of my desire,
As this desire swells and expands in my soul,
Oh, my God, let no chasm come between Thee and me.

For then, My Beloved, the Springtime of my soul
Will have been lost . . .

Changing the World for Christ

By Jim Guinan

History was written on Abraham Lincoln's birthday, February 12, 1961, in Portland, Oregon; although, as so often happens, the history texts may overlook it.

History was written at Stella Maris House where some one hundred priests and laymen gathered to attend a forum on "The Christian Conscience and Discrimination in Housing."

The special importance of this forum did not lie in the size of the group, impressive though it was; nor in the topic of the forum—apostolic organizations have been discussing such subjects for years; nor even in the fact that here were gathered together for the first time on this question the major apostolic groups in the city of Portland under the auspices of a Lay Apostolic Coordinating Committee.

What was significant for the Church, and for the United States itself, was the tone of the meeting. These people were gathered together not to learn that there was discrimination in housing—their daily papers revealed this; not to hear that discrimination in housing was un-Christian—this they already knew. They had gathered to plan how they could assist in ending discrimination.

After years and years of blood, sweat and tears, during which Catholic pioneers for interracial justice (among whom our founders Catherine Doherty stands pre-eminent) labored mightily to break through the hard shell of racial prejudice of even one man, scores of Catholics, representing hundreds more, were eagerly seeking what they could do to bring about a society free of the heresy of racism.

The practical tone of the entire forum was set at the outset. Msgr. Thomas J. Tobin, the vicar general of the Portland archdiocese, warned the group, in his spirited opening address, that they must "not be starry-eyed but realistic," and emphasized the importance of centering attention on the problem of the individual Negro who was moving into another neighborhood.

The three workshops into which the group divided after Monsignor's talk were held in an atmosphere of enthusiasm and practical realism. From the discussions in the workshop two courses of action were seen as imperative. First, efforts to eliminate racial prejudice from the total Catholic body in Portland. Secondly, a plan to assist on an individual basis Negroes who had moved, or who planned to move, into a previously all-white area. Toward attaining the first purpose the following "Manifesto of Conscience" was adopted by the group at large:

"You weigh the situation. You take the counsels of caution. You listen to the voices that say don't rock the boat. But finally the time comes when a man has to stand up and be counted." (1)

We HAVE weighed the situation. We HAVE taken the counsels of caution. And we feel that CATHOLICS IN CONSCIENCE MUST STAND UP AND BE COUNTED.

As members of the undersigned Lay Apostolic Groups, we reaffirm our position and strongly urge and encourage all Catholics to pledge themselves to assist minority groups to exercise their rights in obtaining adequate housing, and to make known their willingness to welcome into their neighborhood any resident regardless of race, creed or national origin.

We would like to see EVERY MEMBER OF ALL PARISH ORGANIZATIONS focus their attention on this matter—and voice their belief by word and action. Let us not be ashamed to proclaim that racial discrimination is IMMORAL . . . that it is TOTALLY INCONSISTENT with our Christian Faith . . . and that it is a denial of the Mystical Body of Christ.

THERE IS NO PLACE FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO "STRADDLE THE FENCE". THERE IS NO ROOM FOR RACIAL DISCRIMINATION WITHIN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. There is only the side of Christ and the Gospels.

(1) A Negro citizen; Birmingham, N.Y. Times, April 12, 1960. This manifesto was later quoted in a front page headline story in "The Catholic Sentinel", Portland's Catholic weekly, and, in the news section of the "Oregonian", Portland's largest daily, and was also sent to every pastor in the city for inclusion in his Sunday bulletin.

It was decided by the group that action supporting the individual Negro attempting to move into another area should center around the Catholic Interracial Council, one of the apostolic groups represented at the forum.

Clearing House

The Catholic Interracial Council will act as a clearing house to receive information regarding the movements of minority group members into new neighborhoods, and to keep a file of people in the various Portland neighborhoods who can be contacted to act as welcoming committees, and to help change the attitudes of any resident who might resist the move of such a family into his area. Already from those attending the forum, the CIC has contacts in a large percentage of the parishes in the city.

In addition the Council will continue and expand its program of providing speakers and panels on any aspect of race relations, but will give special emphasis to the area of housing discrimination.

The success of the forum could be seen in the attitude and conversation of the many who lingered on after the meeting was officially closed. There was a vitality that sprang from the conviction that they were involved in something of deep Christian significance. Another indication of its success was the fact that within a few days of the forum members of the Christian Family Movement were already contacted to visit a Negro family recently moved into their neighborhood who had received cold treatment; and that also within a few days information of a house for rent was received which might not otherwise have been made known to Negro prospects.

At the beginning of this century St. Pius X said "give me in every parish a handful of laymen alert, well informed, devoted, and I will change the face of the earth". In Portland today the men and women of the Christian Family Movement, the Catholic Interracial Council, the Young Christian Workers, the Young Christian Students, and the Blanchet Apostolate seem to constitute for their city the kind of instrument the Holy Father felt was necessary.



A Prayer for Lay Missioners

Do not be afraid,
Little flock,
Because Almighty God walks near you,
In cold and heat, on plain or mountain,
In forest or town.

When the poor come to you, thank God.
When the penitent comes to you, thank God.
When outraged innocence comes to you, thank God.
God has sent them to you.

Do not be afraid,
Little Flock,
Because Almighty God waits near you.
He waits to help you bind up wounds,
Wounds of body,
Wounds of mind,
Wounds of soul.

Visit often with Our Father.
Receive His Son's Most Sacred Body and Blood daily.
Listen to His voice hourly.

He will say:
Do not be afraid,
Little flock.
I am nearby.
Listen!

Matthew A. McKavitt

Ed Willock Tribute

(We reprint here from Marycrest Newsletter a tribute to Ed Willock who was one of the first editors of INTEGRITY MAGAZINE. His work and writing made a deep impact on the lay apostolate in North America.)

How does one write about an heroic man?

The obituary appearing in the last issue of The Advocate gives as complete a picture of the "facts" about Ed Willock as anyone could expect. An extraordinary layman, artist, writer, editor, co-founder of Integrity magazine and father of 12, died at the age of 44 after eight years of heroic suffering. These are the facts; yet somehow something more than facts are required to set this man's life in perspective.

Ed Willock deserves special tribute not because of his life, but because of the way he lived it. Lots of men are writers and artists; still others father large families; and many more than we know suffer lives of sickness and discouragement. What made Ed Willock extraordinary is that he was a witness for the Christian life in all that he did; that he never faltered in his total trust in God's Providence, not even in moments that would have made most men cry bitter tears of self-pity.

I often thought as I watched him decline over the last eight years that here was a man who could only be described as a modern Job. Struck down by illness just when he was approaching the peak of his powers as a writer, artist and thinker (losing both his ability to speak and his ability to draw), his life thereafter was one disaster after another.

I remember when I first met him. The thing that most impressed me was the way he thought. Ideas would flow from him in a constant stream. You could almost "see" him think. And his whole thought was devoted to exploring the implications of Christianity for our time. As a social critic, he saw clearly the inner contradictions of our modern way of life, the nature of today's world crisis. But his criticism was always constructive, looking ahead to a synthesis between religion and life that could lead to realistic solutions to problems.

After his first illness (which unfortunately recurred again and again), you could see that he was still thinking as actively as ever; yet he could not voice his ideas except haltingly and with strain, or by picking out one letter at a time on his typewriter, eventually to make a magazine article. His was the inarticulateness of the cross; knowing and feeling so much, yet standing silent and suffering before the crowd.

Ed, who preached the failure of "Success", succeeded—like Christ—through failure. He declaimed against modern deification of "Speed" and "Comfort", and then died slowly and painfully. He described the welfare state, believing that men should first be self-reliant and depend for the rest on the personal charity of their neighbors. And then—because he owned a small home that he had built in the community of Marycrest, near Pearl River, N.Y.—he could not qualify for welfare help and had only the personal charity of others on which to depend for his family's support. He taught that parents must live up to the Church's teaching on marriage and family life, even if it meant practising a life of heroism; and then he himself was called upon to live the very heroism he preached.

Was all of this folly? I think not. We may be tempted to disagree with minor points in Ed Willock's description of what the Christian life should be; but we can hardly avoid agreeing—however it may frighten us in our timidity—that to be truly Christ-like ultimately requires the same dedication to total Christianity, the same commitment to heroism that his life exemplified. Christianity fully lived cannot be reconciled with our status-seeking, comfort-loving, money-hungry social whirl no matter how the cards are cut. In the end, we must still confront the cross—like Christ—and embrace it. Because Ed Willock did this, he was and will remain a sign of contradiction to our own comfortable lives and a symbol of reassurance for all who suffer.

Ed Willock was a man of flesh and blood and spirit who would recoil at the thought of being considered saintly. Yet there is so much fruit for meditation in his life, so much truth in what he taught and how he lived, that I cannot help concluding that, when he died, we lost a friend—and gained a saint.

Dennis Howard

TEACHING

By Catherine

Recently I had been asked to give a short address on TEACHING at a conference of Lay Apostles. In this case "teaching" of course dealt with the training and formation of Lay Apostles, and so may be considered specialized and limited in its scope.

At first I had planned to give a short synopsis of the way we TEACH our apostles of Madonna House . . . but after praying much, I changed my mind and decided to speak just on what to me is the essence of TEACHING . . .

For while praying, I suddenly remembered my childhood days. When the first days of returning to school rolled around, I never forgot those days. From grade school time through High School and through University years . . . the first fall day of returning to classroom were solemn days in our House, for it was the day when I knelt at my father's feet to receive His blessing upon my "student work and life."

The formula of his blessing remains with me to this day. I repeat it even now before undertaking any kind of studies. Yet the words were short and very simple, "By the power given to me by God the Father, I bless thee my daughter, to go forth to study, both secular and sacred learning, so that through both, you may learn TO KNOW GOD BETTER . . . SO AS TO LOVE HIM MORE, AND FOR HIS SAKE USE YOUR KNOWLEDGE TO LOVE AND SERVE YOUR NEIGHBOR BETTER . . . SO THAT YOU MAY KNOW THE BEATIFIC VISION HEREFTER, AND BRING OTHERS TO SHARE IT."

As years speed by it sort of clarified for me better and better the reason for studies. All kinds of studies. Take cooking for instance. I had to study that at one time. How clearly, because of my father's blessing, I understood that by studying to cook well, I would grow in Love of God for cooking is so simple a way to serve one's neighbour who is hungry . . . starting with one's own family, going outward to friends and to the poor . . . for he who for Christ's sake . . . for love's sake . . . for neighbor's sake . . . fulfills the law of love . . . he who serves a WELL PREPARED MEAL considering costs etc., for less money, saves some to give away, and thus extends the kingdom of God.

From there on the application to any kind of learning was simple. So it was both easy, stimulating and wondrous to be a "pupil". But now having through the grace of God become a founder of a fairly large Lay Apostolate of Madonna House, I found myself suddenly cast in the role of TEACHER . . . would my Father's blessing teach me how to be a TEACHER OF THE LORD?

It took some time to answer that potent question. But now I know that it does answer even these seemingly reversed roles. For what is the essence of a good teacher? That she knows her subject of course, that is stating the obvious. But if she was a good pupil according to my Father's blessing—then she would be a good teacher.

Not only because she had the COMPETENCY . . . THE WORDLY COMPETENCY needful for every teacher, but because SHE LOVED MUCH . . . OR TRIED TO . . . Loved her subject whatever it may be . . . for it gave her a tool to open young minds to the beauty and glory of God . . . all "subjects properly handled will lead to that end".

But because she loved God first and her pupils next . . . with the passionate love of her Beloved, the Lord of Hosts. Because she understood that teaching is but another synonym of serving. Because she realized that her greatest asset as a teacher, WAS LOVE . . . that she had to live that LOVE in both handling her subject to ever greater perfection . . . and to show her love of her pupils by leading them to God THRU HER EXAMPLE FIRST . . . THE SUBJECT MATTER NEXT . . . AND HER AVAILABILITY TO HER PUPILS DURING AND OUTSIDE TEACHING HOURS FOR THE SAME LOVE'S SAKE . . . NEXT.

For teaching never stops at the subject matter. Since teaching is loving . . . it should embrace the whole person . . . of the pupil. For intellectual apprehension is but the start of learning . . . the beginning of the road to God. The teacher's work is to set the feet of her pupils firmly on that road, by walking it herself first.

Then and only then will teaching be really teaching . . . and the book of knowledge will be understood by all to be THE BOOK OF LOVE . . .

Yes, my Father's blessing covered both pupil and teacher. May his holy soul rest in peace.

COMBERMERE DIARY

We enjoyed a pleasant visit from two Medical Missionary Sisters and the excellent vocational movie that they have prepared.

Dr. Pearl Driemen of Ottawa and her companion, Dr. Helen Abel visited here one weekend. Dr. Abel imparted valuable information on the West Indies to Trudi Cortens and Marite Langlois who are sailing this month for the Island of Carriacou.

St. Benedict's Acres, the Madonna House Farm, completed the interior plumbing early this spring. The house chapel was re-decorated at the same time.

Joseph Snyder spent his holidays in St. Norbert, Manitoba learning some shop techniques from the good Oblate Brothers there.

The following took their final promises during the month of March at the conclusion of a retreat given by Father Callahan: Trudi Cortens, Mary Davis, Shirley DeWitt, Dick Parker, Laurette Patenaude and Mary Ruth.

We hope that your Easter was even happier than your Christmas for it is a greater feast. Alleluia!



I AM THE
RESURRECTION
AND THE LIFE

DEAR BROTHER

By Catherine Doherty

But the song of the saw and the hammer, is not the only music that young men of this North American Continent can hear, if they listen to Christ sing, as He must have sung while he worked in Nazareth with St. Joseph.

Christ has a symphony of songs . . . because His Mystical Body, the Church, has so many needs. . . there must be in the heart of God . . . an answering music for every need . . . For He is love . . . and love always sings for the Beloved.

There is the music of hooves . . . donkeys' hooves . . . horses' hooves . . . and mules' hooves. . . Slow, heavy notes that beasts make as they slowly climb the vast mountains of South America . . . Africa . . . India . . . The slow, measured notes that rise from their steady even walk across the flat country roads . . . the barely heard whispering notes . . . that come from their walking on soft sands of many deserts, whispering notes that may on an instant change into the gay, fast music of a gallop . . .

How many young men ever pause in our noisy cities that drown out almost God's music, and listen for it, amidst the clangs of traffic, the ringing of phone bells, the harsh voice of radio or television.

If they did . . . they may hear the music of hooves . . . for it may be YOU . . . or YOU . . . who will be slowly winding your way through mountain and dale . . . bent to some not too far away place, where children and adults await you with eager hearts . . . to be taught the glad tidings, maybe in their catechetical hour held in the veld or on a rocky slope of a high mountain . . . or in a warm dale . . .

Or maybe the line of the sick has been patiently waiting for you to arrive since the early dawn . . . or again you are the last hope for the victims of hunger and floods that wrought their yearly havoc . . .

YOU . . . may be the answer to their unspoken, inarticulate prayer . . . You . . . Tom . . . Jack . . . John . . . Harry . . . yes, YOU . . .

For "BROTHERS" are not only needed to be builders of Church buildings, schools, etc., they are needed everywhere . . . where the souls of men are hungry for the Living Bread. They are needed wherever there is sickness of body or mind . . . they are needed wherever there is pain . . . poverty . . . hunger . . . in a word—everywhere—where man is born . . . lives and dies . . .

THE WORLD NEEDS HALF A MILLION PRIESTS NOW . . . PRIESTS FREE TO DEAL WITH SOULS AND SOULS ALONE . . . FOR THAT IS THE "BUSINESS" THE FATHER GAVE THEM . . . BUT UNLESS THEY HAVE

BROTHERS TO HELP THEM TO TAKE CARE OF ALL THINGS THAT WILL HAMPER THEIR PRIESTLY APOSTOLATE . . . THERE WILL NEVER BE ENOUGH PRIESTS TO BRING CHRIST INTO THE HEARTS OF MEN AS ONLY THEY CAN AND MUST . . .

WHO OF OUR YOUNG MEN ACROSS THIS IMMENSE LAND OF OURS WILL GIVE WINGS TO A PRIEST'S FEET . . . UNTIE HIS HANDS . . . EXTEND HIS DAY . . . ALLOWING THIS "OTHER CHRIST" AMONGST MEN . . . TO REALLY "GO ABOUT OUR FATHER'S BUSINESS" . . . ??

DEAR BROTHER

PART II

The President of the U.S.A., President Kennedy, fires the imagination of American youth with his Peace Corps. Thousands of young people throng the recruiting places for it. Thousands write letters to inquire and find out that rigid standards of health, education, and mental, emotional perfection are demanded.

The Lay Apostolate grows in age, wisdom and grace and again thousands of young people of both sexes stand ready and willing to offer one, two, three or more years of their young lives to foreign and home missions.

Everywhere there is a new life, new ideas, new understandings forthcoming in men's minds and souls.

In meantime, priest-missionaries continue to do their hidden and little known work, facing unrecorded odds . . . facing too the emotional hostilities of those whom they serve, the Africans or Asiatics, hostilities that often spell death to the missionary priests.

These he can face with the grace of his state and the love of his heart for the Lord, for isn't he another Christ? But what is probably very hard for the missionary-priest to face . . . what must be frustrating beyond expression is the tragic fact that this life of his that he so generously and willingly and heroically desires to lay down for souls, is factually cut up uselessly into tiny pieces, that this precious time that he has so much wasted, doing tasks that he shouldn't be doing. Such as building churches, factually building them. Being carpenter and electrician, plumber and what have you . . . as well as doing the same for schools, and rectories.

Or acting as a nurse or doctor or both rolled in one, dispensing drugs in a dispensary made of banana leaves or palm branches.

Teaching catechism to adults and children, mending his shoes and his clothing. Cooking his meals and tidying his humble rectory and seeing that his church is spic and span, humble as it might be.

All these tasks take much of the priest's time, cut his priestly life in pieces TAKE HIM AWAY FROM THE AWESOME EXERCISE OF THE POWER OF HIS PRIESTHOOD.

Help Wanted

These thousand tasks, these works, this catechetical teaching, this dispensing of drugs . . . could be done by others just as well and maybe better, leaving the priests more precious time to dispense the Sacraments, perform or offer the Mystery of Mysteries . . . the Mass. To counsel, advise, heal souls instead of bodies.

If others did these tasks, the priests in time and space would go further and deeper into the territories of souls and his parish. True, he can use catechists . . . but catechists too must be trained.

True, his works bring him in contact with the people some, but it is a slow motion way of getting in contact.

And what of a tired mind and a tired body? A priest could use lay apostles if there were enough to go around, but these too, generous as they are, heroic as they may be, will take several years to really be useful and when those years are given . . . it is time for the lay apostle to return whence he came.

What the priests need, especially the Order priests, is Brothers. Young men aflame with the love of God, ready not only to lay down their lives for a few years, but until death, willing to undergo a long novitiate to temper their souls like silver must be tempered and refined seven times in the flame of God's furnace or school of love.

Willing to spend long, tedious hours in learning a profession, a trade so as to take off the priests' shoulders the immense weight of such tasks.

Help Coming

Where are those young men? Again, I ask, what has happened to this vocation, this marvelous vocation of Brothers? For beside becoming a Brother in a religious

order of priests and Brothers, there are also the orders of Brothers . . . period. Who on their own could go into the fields of the Lord and collectively assist all priests and bishops everywhere by building and running hospitals for them, ALEXIAN BROTHERS. Building and opening schools; so many orders of Brothers have this vocation.

Is it possible that our pluralistic, secularistic world so confused and diffused has lost all notion OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN UNDER THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD . . . THAT THE WORD BROTHER has ceased to have any meaning?

Lost Idea

Could it be that our Catholic families have lost the idea too of the older son . . . or the big brother? I remember as a child my father and mother would leave the house for say a weekend or a week, would say to my brother, even tho' he was not the oldest of the family—I was—he was the oldest of the male children in the house. "You are in our absence, the head of the house. You can sit in father's chair and you must take care of your sisters and little brothers." Though I was several years his senior, this was quite clear to me and I had a deep respect for this big brother of mine. Big in his responsibility and duties and graces.

When my father died, my brother was only between 19 and 20, yet my mother wrote to him, that he was now the head of the household and we all accepted him as such, even though we were adults at the time. Perhaps because such holy hierarchies or hierarchical order is being lost sight of in the family and in the world in general, is the marvelous and consoling truth of Christ, our Brother, lost sight of also, and with it the vocation of "a Brother".

It is time we gave it some prayerful thought, individually and collectively.

Perhaps the answer goes even hands of such groups as Christ-deeper and should be laid in the tian Family Movements and other agencies connected with preparing youth for marriage. Perhaps the restoration of the Father as the real head of the household with a profound understanding that he is Christ to the family and the mother a little church for the family would go a long way to restore his big brother in the family and with this restoration would come a deeper understanding of the tremendous vocation of "a Brother."

This is the acceptable time to think about this. This is the acceptable time because God and His Church needs Brothers in every sense, everywhere but especially, I think, both are pleading with youth to consider this vocation prayerfully for on it so many souls depend as well as perhaps the fate of the world.

YUKON-SPRING?

By M. Legris

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon—Although it is still winter in the Yukon, the Spring influx of unemployed men has begun at Maryhouse. This past week has been especially hectic and what is so strange about it is that everything happens at once. There is no happy medium. When one deluge is over with, we settle down to peaceful and quiet times again and in a day or two, boom, there is another rush started. It is not a Gold Rush as in the days of '98 but a slow procession of unemployed men, desperately in search of work. Of course it is months too early to get work in the Yukon so after getting a few days' rest and having looked in vain for a job, they begin their trek "Outside" again.

Last Monday morning a large truckload of furniture stopped at the Sisters of Providence. Riding in the cab was a Hungarian family . . . father, mother, two little children, and the driver who was a friend of the father and had agreed to bring them to Whitehorse. They had come to the convent looking for Maryhouse. We were at mass at the cathedral and Sister Superior came in to tell us about them.

It was a sad, tired looking family we watched getting out of the truck when they got to Maryhouse. The mother was especially weary. They were cold for there was no heater in the truck and 1700 miles is quite a long ride when you are cold. The father carried the baby in while the mother extricated the other little girl from a sleeping bag, and handed her to me. Little Eva was wearing a jacket and a wet diaper. The baby was in the same condition. They had been on the road for four days coming from Vancouver. With no time to wash and

dry the children's clothes, it didn't take long to exhaust their meagre supply. After that the little girls just had to put up with what they had and suffer from diaper rash, and sores.

Vicious Circle

Terry went to our clothing room and got them a supply of warm, dry clothes. The mother didn't take long to get the children washed and changed into them. Doreen got the breakfast for them and the other hostel guests and in an hour's time after our travellers had time to get washed and have a good breakfast, everyone looked and I am sure felt one hundred per cent. better.

I contacted the Welfare who gave all the assistance they could to help the man get work. The search was useless for with so many unemployed right here in town there was no chance for an outsider to get work. They stayed around for three days and then with some financial help from the Welfare they began their long trip back to Vancouver. They were refreshed and rested but the trip was nothing to look forward to and when they reached their destination there was only unemployment for them again and help from the Welfare.

The Hungarians were not the only people who came last Monday. By evening we had nineteen in our dorms. After two days of looking, one man from Switzerland got a job cleaning a hotel kitchen after the day's work was done. He was lucky. Another got two days' work in a Pop Plant. He was glad; he would have some money for food while he made the trip down the highway. The others got out some way or other. We were able to supply them with suitable warm clothing and some food. Some got a little help from the Welfare and left.



Timely Gifts

When the rush subsided a bit and we had a breather again, Terry, Doreen, and I were talking about the good care Divine Providence took of our house. Only on Sunday the ladies of the Royal Purple, an organization in town, had sent us scads of delicious food left from a banquet. A man from the DOT had brought sandwiches left from a dance. Mrs. Paquet, president of the Army CWL, had delivered some donations of food. During lent the parishioners of the Army Camp donate whatever food they can for the poor. It is given to Maryhouse for use or distribution, so Mrs. Paquet had come at a good time. Next day a store sent us a lot of fresh vegetables and another benefactor sent us some meat from his locker. So God had taken good care of us all. The good part of it was that much of the food only needed to be warmed before eating so it was a great time-saver when there were so many other demands on our time.

Now, may I just change the subject and tell you about one of the big events of the week . . . the Silver Jubilee of Very Rev. Fr. A. Monet, OMI, Chancellor of the Vicariate? Father Monet offered a mass of Thanksgiving on this anniversary on March 1. Attending were Bishop Coudert, many of his brother Oblates from quite distant missions in the north, and a church full of parishioners who thanked God along with Fr. Monet for his vocation and years of ministry and petitioned for many more fruitful years for Father. Fr. Monet was the first Oblate Missionary assigned to the Vicariate of Whitehorse when it was erected by the Holy See in 1944 and Bishop Coudert was appointed as its first Vicar Apostolic. Fr. Monet was like a wonderful gift to the bishop and Bishop Coudert expressed his deep gratitude to God for sending him Fr. Monet, and his gratitude to Fr. Monet for all he had done during his years in the Vicariate.

The Little Missionary Sisters of St. Joseph prepared a lovely banquet for the clergy. The Sisters of Providence who have charge of the Catholic School had a suitable and enjoyable program for Father on the occasion of his jubilee and the following Sunday the parishioners gathered in the parish hall to extend their congratulations and best wishes to Fr. Monet. We wish Father continued good health and blessings for many more years in this missionary vicariate.

THE FAMILY APOSTOLATE

By
Rev. John T. Callahan

"Remember that up to about the age of thirteen, most youngsters don't have to think about the future, about assuming adult responsibilities, about getting a job, about getting married and raising a family. But when they make the transition from junior high school to high school, the future comes crashing in on them all at once.

"They have to decide about preparing for a trade or profession and the kind of courses they'll need to take. Home-making and hygiene classes introduce the realities of married life. Social Study classes suddenly make these young people aware of political, economic and military troubles which they hadn't even thought about before. Sophomore boys hear juniors and seniors talking about the draft, enlistment, jobs, wages, college entrance competition. The younger girls hear the older ones talking about engagement, marriage, housekeeping, and they know that soon it will be their turn.

"Just imagine what goes on in the minds and emotions of these young people. For years they've been free of major responsibility. Mother and Dad have been taking care of everything—providing food, shelter, clothing and spending money; setting the rules and making the decisions. But now, all of a sudden, Mother and Dad and everyone else start harping on a new and discomforting theme: 'You're growing up now, and you're going to have to learn to assume responsibilities, make your own decisions, set your own rules and prepare to be an independent adult.'

"The carefree life—the long 'vacation'—is coming to an end. Ahead lie hard work and problems and responsibilities. Everybody knows the disturbed and resentful feelings which crop up during the last day or two of a pleasant vacation. Multiply that a few hundred times and you'll have some idea of the resentment and frustration teen-agers feel as they face the prospect of growing up and giving up their childhood.

Take Frank

"Frank, fifteen, was going through a particularly 'impossible' period. Nobody was any good and nothing satisfied him. His sudden change from a pleasant, friendly boy to a snarling, complaining crank worried his parents. They were particularly upset about the change in his attitude toward his ten-year-old brother Wally, whom he had until then adored and protected. One day Frank's mother came home from shopping and heard a commotion in the next room. Frank was 'taking off' on his brother again, shouting and cursing and hitting him. Instead of rushing in, she waited outside and listened. Here's what she heard Frank say: 'You rotten little kid, playing around with your toys and having fun all the time. Wait'll you have to start taking math and chem and worrying about exams like me. Why do you get to have it so easy, and why do I have to have it so tough?'

"Frank was stating his complaint—and the complaint of so many other teen-agers—as plainly as could be. Yet, neither he nor his parents had known that it was this grievance that had been upsetting him. Once his mother realized what was going on, she decided that she and her husband were going to help their boy get over his resentment and accept the new phase of his life.

"Giving up the carefree years is just one of the difficulties teen-agers face. On top of that there is a terrible conflict between wanting to grow up and fearing to grow up. While they may be disturbed by the thought of new and burdensome responsibilities, teen-agers are also excited about the idea of becoming grown-ups, of having freedom from their parents, of becoming men and women who can work out their own destinies. They look forward to having and raising children; to becoming experts in a particular trade or profession, to becoming important and successful.

"And this conflict creates tension and shows itself in rebelliousness, anger, antagonism, sullenness, obstinacy, flight into daydreams, disorderliness and disobedience—and, most common of all, in battles with you, their parents.

"At this stage, you, the parents are both the loved ones and the enemies. They love you and want to stay attached to you. Yet, they resent you because they find it so hard to detach themselves from you. They want the comfort of

having you make the rules and decisions for them, yet they hate the idea that you are dominating and restricting them. They become resentful, frustrated and angry, and they let their anger out on you, because they know it is safer to do so with you, than with friends and acquaintances. Their very anger and expressed dislike for you, has in it a very strong core of love for you, and an implied expectation that because you love them, you will not punish them for their anger and intemperate words.

"Expect, therefore, that you will become the lightning rod for the highly charged feelings of your teen-ager. But know, also, that when this happens, it is not really an attack on you, but an expression of resentment and disturbance which has to find some safe outlet."

(Reprinted with permission of the publishers from "Master Your Tensions And Enjoy Living Again" by Dr. G. S. Stevenson and Harry Milt. Publisher, Prentice-Hall).

Canada Gives Pointed Pointers on the Family Apostolate

All across the North American Continent, married folks are asking themselves questions. For there are many questions to ask about this beautiful, difficult and common vocation of married life.

Many questions to ask, how to become saints in this vocation in our difficult, non-Christian, secular world. Many questions to ask about how to bring up children and to lead them to the Beatific Vision, to the knowledge of God and love of Him that will get Him there whilst on all sides these children are confronted with the jungle of our modern city. And all their dangers, as well as those of our frustrated and anguished civilization.

Everywhere C.F.M. groups seek for answers too and groups and married people who are formed in less-organized groupings are eager for information likewise. Well, the answer is a paper-covered book of 214 pages, clearly written, priced at the low price of \$2, having a rather long title, but one that hides a lot of meat.

The title, THE CATHOLIC SOCIAL LIFE CONFERENCE. The contents—22 addresses presented across the vast Canadian land at regional conferences. Where can this valuable book containing so many answers be gotten? Write to: Rev. Peter A. Nearing, Director Social Action Department Canadian Catholic Conference 90 Parent Avenue Ottawa, Ontario

LOVE LETTER

(Continued from Page 1)

through mountainous country as she hurried to Elizabeth her cousin. Did she too stoop, now and then, because she saw Your glory in a stone? I think she did.

And I think she also knelt here and there along some road to smell the aroma of Your presence in a flower; or to meditate on Your concern for even the least of Your creatures as she watched the orderly chaos in an ant's nest; or to thank you for the gracious cool shade of a tree; or to praise You for the color of Your sky and the contour and the texture and the splendor of Your clouds.

Wise or Foolish Acts

I noticed, Lord, that many colonies of ants were wise enough to build their cities below the roots of cactus plants and bushes bristling with frightful thorns; and to enlarge and expand them, on the surface, only beneath the protection of the bayonets and daggers. Not even a man would invade or attack those premises. Is this a hint that wise men should build their cities deep in the earth beneath a tall protecting mountain, and confine the corporate limits, above ground, to the shelter of the rock?

I pondered for some moments on the sermon on the mount. Christ must have talked from a mountain such as this. Not too high. Not too steep. Not too far from the highways and the routes of caravans. I wondered a little about the temptation in the desert, where the devil suggested Jesus should transform the stones to bread. Did the imp have any idea, then, that someday Your Son would transform bread into His Body, and feed a hungry world?

As I moseyed further down the slope, I was almost blinded by the brilliance of Your acres of quartz and calcite crystals lying in the sun. I thought of a daisy field turned into stone. But the stones were prettier than daisies. I thought of a field of tiny snow storms, each storm separate and apart, each trying to outshine its

neighbors. I thought of stars that blazed in the dust, and liked it, and had no intention whatsoever of going back to the skies. I thought of lights that had petrified, yet had life and lure in them. Lights that could dance! Splinters of Your glory! Code flashes, blinking a message to me. I read Your S.O.S. with joy—and thought of the Transfiguration of Your Son. This too happened on a mountain.

Transfigure Us Too

"And His face shone as the sun, and His garments became white as snow." And You cried out, from behind a bright cloud, "This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him."

The stones were transfigured. They shone like so many little suns. They were white as snow. And I fell upon them like a greedy child, stuffing my pockets until they bulged. I kissed some of them, dust and all, because You were pleased with them, because they told me so delightfully of Your love.

Thank You, God, for giving me the grace to read them. Thank You for showing me their beauty. It was not their own beauty, I realized. They had borrowed it from You. Even a dull gray pebble could be ravishing, if You loaned it the necessary lustre. Even a dull gray pebble with a paunch!

Lord, if You went hunting human stones, You wouldn't kick me aside, I know. For You love me. You love all Your creatures. But I do not think You would stoop and pick me up and pocket me with any such joy as I felt, swooping on Your gleaming crystals. Nor do I think You could bear to kiss me before You took me home—there is such horrible grime adhering to me.

If you do come rock-collecting, God, please take Our Lady with You. Our Lady of the Trinity. Our Lady of Combermere. Our Lady of Balmorhea, Maria Reina. Let her raise me in her blessed fingers! Let her touch me to her holy lips before she shows me to You! Then I shall be transfigured. I shall shine with borrowed glory. And You will be well pleased with me too.

I ask this mercy in the name of Your Son, Jesus—for myself and all the other dull stones in the world. Lord, give us lustre, through Our Lady, that we may show Your love to all the stony world. Amen. Your child, Your pebble, Eddie.

One Man's Scrap is Another Man's Gold

By Catherine Doherty

This time it is an S.O.S. that I send forth for OFFICE SUPPLIES. The head of our office informed me that we are awfully low on stationery, envelopes, scrap paper, etc.

Naturally by "stationery" we do not mean new stationery. But offices move, new addresses must be printed. Often the shape of the letterhead or its style must be changed and quite a lot of old envelopes and old stationery remains on hand. We would be grateful for all of those for we easily can re-do them. We do not really worry about the size or, I confess, the looks of our stationery so long as it is a clean piece of paper tidily written upon.

In fact, when your friends the stenographers, the typists, the filing clerks and even the executive branch of small and large offices have "an office cleaning day" don't throw anything away, throw it in a carton, send it to us. We will do the sorting and what is scrap, will become our gold.

Speaking of offices,—office furnishings and furniture also become obsolete. I know this is asking an awful lot, but there are still offices that have old-fashioned or worn out steel cabinets, one drawer up to four drawers. If there are such, we would even be delighted to pay the freight charges as we would for office desks—old ones—they cost so terribly much to have—that we have but a few thus donated. Mostly we have kitchen tables our boys make but they lack drawers and therefore are untidy and difficult to work at.

We are still begging for typewriters for we are opening three missions—two foreign and one home one—and already the directors thereof are clamoring for typewriters. So it goes.

These early, cold days of March, home owners come out on a sunny day to look at the damage done to their outside painting—painted house walls. The wife does the same on the inside and together on an evening they discuss costs and colors of a painting job. And spring cleaning is around the corner and husband and wife both would throw away a lot of ¼ filled, dried up indoor/outdoor

house paints, truly scrap to most people, but oh, to us—pure gold. Patiently we will dilute them, revive them and use them if only you send them to us. The same with those old paint brushes that seem so stiff. We have the secrets of renovation, patience and a lot of elbow grease. We would like those too. Summer and the artistic heart goes out to painting. Tired lay apostles who work all winter snatch an hour here and an hour there to do some painting—a hobby that rests the tired mind and the weary soul. Could we have your old oil paint tubes that you don't use anymore or were left behind by a would-be artist in your household who got tired of trying? We would be so grateful.

Many people have old keys, yes, keys . . . that they don't use anymore. I don't mean Yale keys. I mean old-fashioned keys. Small, large, tiny all sizes, all shapes. I have a confession to make. I collect old keys and music boxes. Now why I do that I don't know. They are fun—the music boxes. I share the tunes with a lot of kids and adults who enjoy them. It is a sort of a social hobby that brings joy to many. I loan them out to shut-ins occasionally, but the keys are of my very own hobby. I just like polishing them and making up little stories about the doors they fitted and those who lived behind those doors. So if you have old keys, dear friends, that are no good to you, send them on here. I confess this is a personal request and I am almost ashamed to make it.

Have you ever had in your household a rock collector? A stone collector? Many men have this hobby. Maybe you got tired of it. Maybe you have the tools that go with polishing such rocks . . . the tumblers and the rest. Maybe someone even has a stone cutter. Well, if you do, we would be grateful if you sent it to us if there is no more need in your household for this. Maybe the collector is dead. Maybe he has changed his hobby.

We have beautiful rocks in this part of the world and we could sell them for a minimum price to raise some money for our foreign missions if only we had the tools to polish them with.

Yes, one man's scrap is truly our gold. Thank you.

Lay Missionaries

By Father James P. Leonard,
National Director,
Holy Childhood Assn.

Lay missionaries in Christianity are nothing new; the Apostles were lay missionaries until they were ordained during the Last Supper. The seventy-two disciples were laymen sent by Jesus as missionaries. In the year 1554 St. Ignatius of Loyola made a suggestion to some missionaries who were heading for Africa that they bring "some talented lay people who would teach Ethiopians how to make bridges for their rivers, how to introduce methods of agriculture and fishing, among other things, as well as doctors and surgeons . . ." The idea that is new in this "Call for Lay Missionaries" is the formal organization of mission-minded Catholics to work in Mission Lands.

During the two years I spent in China I saw the bad effect of some Europeans and Americans who were living in Shanghai and other places. They were lay people from the home lands of the Missionaries, but they were not lay missionaries; these people went to China to make money and many of them called themselves Christians, but their example often caused the pagan Chinese to say "If that is Christianity we had better remain pagans." So you see lay people in Mission Lands is not what we are advocating; we want the laity (men and women) who are faithful members of the Mystical Body of Christ, men and women who live for Christ and want to share their knowledge of Him and love for Him with those who still live in paganism or mere nominal Christianity.

When we speak of the need of lay missionaries in our homeland as well as "on the Missions" we have in mind souls activated with zeal like the Legionaries of Mary who are already doing real Missionary work in cities, towns and rural areas of the Western World as well as in places like Hong Kong, Formosa, Africa, Korea, etc., etc.

Lay missionaries who plan to go to the Mission Lands of the World must be trained because the role of a white lay apostle in a poverty-stricken land is not an easy one to fulfil. Native people follow foreign workers with watchful and critical eyes. Lay missionaries must give good example at all times and the only kind of example that is really good is the example that is given by a man or woman who lives and acts only

out of love for God and whose life is dedicated to the concept of close union with Jesus who said, "I am the vine and you are the branches."

In the United States of America there are now at least eight centres preparing lay missionaries to go forth and to bring the Good Tidings of Salvation. It is hoped that very soon Canada will have many such centres to assist our zealous men and women who are already offering their services to the Cause of Christ in Foreign Lands.

ANTIQUE BOOKS

As you know, friends, and as I explained in the last issue of Restoration, we have many benefactors who send us books for our many lending libraries and bookmobiles that bring so much joy to our rural communities.

Amongst these books are some wonderful antique books. I happen to have some knowledge of them for I worked for a while in antique books to earn a living in a big store that handled them.

So, below you will find a list of some of the books that I would call SPECIAL BARGAINS. Special, of course, for the collector interested in the author or maybe the year or maybe the subject matter.

The American Gardener's Calendar. A hard bound book with a broken cover, true, but easily mended, for the break is only in front. The back in good condition. The pages all in perfect condition. PRINTED in 1830. Published by A. McMahon and written by Bernard McMahon. Definitely a collector's item. Price \$10 only.

Another collector's item . . . A Devout Christian instructed in the Faith of Christ. Author: The Rt. Rev. Dr. May. The date of printing: 1825. Unfortunately it is only volume 2 of a series of two volumes, but in itself it is a fascinating treatise, beautifully written. The books is not in perfect condition but because of its age and rarity it is still priced only at \$10.

The Diary of a Young Lady Of Fashion. Another item of true interest, though not an antique in itself but a reprint of one, the original book was written in 1764. The reprint done by the firm Thornton-Butterworth, Ltd. London, England and reprinted in 1925 is truly an enjoyable and informative book. Worth every cent of the \$5 charged.

Farm Ballads. Collected by Will Carleton. Quaintly and well illustrated by steel engravings, is without a doubt, a collector's item. Published in New York in 1873. In perfect condition with gold leaf illustrations on the front cover of the book. The book is bound in a hard cover, also in perfect condition. Is going for practically nothing at \$10.

Unique is . . . Philosophiamoralis. Institutio Compendiaria, Libris III, Ethices et Jurisprudentiae Naturalis Elementa Continens. Author: Francisco Hutcheson in Academia Glasguensis P.P. Published in Glasguae by Andreas Foulis. It is bound in leather. Perfect condition. Date of publishing: 1775.

Price . . . a mere nothing . . . \$10

Catholic Book List

To my desk came for review, a well printed booklet, published by the Catholic Library Association of Villanova, Pennsylvania.

It is one of the truly wondrous and much-needed tools both for the librarian of parish libraries, often an untrained, but intelligent and eager person and for the Catholic lay people . . . these days so filled with interest in Catholic reading, in understanding their vocation, in the opportunities for lay mission work.

Truly, a godsend to all of these and, of course, to grade schools, high schools and small college libraries.

The price of this wealth of information is only ONE LITTLE DOLLAR. But it certainly gives a truly varied, well balanced, Catholic book list that will help the home library, the parish library and the school library.

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I LIVE ON AN ISLAND

By Catherine Doherty

I leave daily my island to go across my old bridge to the Mainland—where Madonna House and its auxiliary buildings are located and where the work of our apostolate and our Training Center is done.

But at night I return to—"My Island". There is a light burning over the door of my cabin. On misty nights, it looks like a distant star. The Island itself is shrouded in darkness . . . only on moonlight, or starry nights . . . do the trees—casting their shadows either on the carpet of pine-needles at their feet . . . or on the high piles of blue-white snow that wraps their roots in its warm blanket, stand out clear and visible against the moonlit skies.

But more often than not, especially in the winter and fall—my island looks dark and mysterious. The black waters of the river, blending with the overcast sky, or the ice-bound river blending with the grey skies of winter, hide even the shape of the bushes as well as the outlines of the tallest pine.

Slowly, as I cross my bridge from the lighted Mainland to the dark Island, I begin to see first dimly, then quite clearly, my vigil light twinkling through my large window—the only moving sign of life on my Island.

There is a deep mystery in this "coming to an island". One feels that one is coming into a place of quiet. Of rest. Leaving the hustle and bustle of the world behind. Yet, one has also the feeling that there is some very important task that will have to be attended to, when one reaches the Island. A task that cannot be done on the Mainland with its constant, ever-increasing tempo of life . . . its demands on all of one's attention . . . as well as its ability to "confuse and diffuse" mind and soul . . . tiring them somehow!

As I progress in the quiet and dark of the night . . . slowly, thoughtfully and prayerfully across my old bridge—I begin to understand—that indeed "I am going away" from men to God. To rest in His silence to pray at His feet. That my task is to RE-COLLECT myself in the process. So that on the morrow I might return to men—to better love them and serve them for Christ's sake, for God's sake!

I begin to realize too, that indeed I have yet another task to perform on my Island. I must set my mind at rest and quieten my heart—detaching it from all created things in order to turn it to God—the Creator—the Lover!

Islands for Quiet

That is what "islands" are for. Not everyone has an island to really live on. To come from. To go to. But all of us must "make our own islands" within our souls, minds and hearts.

Islands—where Faith is a lamp over the door. Where love is an eternal vigil light, before the Face of the Beloved.

Islands where fear cannot dwell, because PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT ALL FEARS—Islands to which we come across the bridge of our days . . . to rest at the feet of the Beloved. To drink of His silence. To be made whole again and ready for the battle of tomorrow.

Not everyone can be officially a Contemplative Religious. Not everyone is called to that very special and high vocation. But we all need a place to—REST AND BE SILENT BEFORE GOD, SO AS TO HEAR HIS VOICE SPEAK TO US IN THAT SILENCE.

All of us, if we really understand and desire . . . can make our own "islands" within us. Can nightly "cross the bridge to it". If we do—our days will be full of the fruitfulness of the Lord and of His peace.

Yes . . . life should be a daily coming from our islands to the mainland . . . and of returning from the mainland to our islands!

I thank God for mine.